A rainbow's body bent backward
at its summit
a hanging gallows.

Ashes are falling
In a tavern on a hill
firewood burns up its body.

Where sea
waves surge forward at
a river's mouth
sickness is
in a young bat lying there.

Growing old
and lunatic
in a swamp
a serpent
blossoms with a red flower.

They resemble stakes
gravestones
standing there in rows
as though hammered in.

Hear a war drum sound
and desolately
on autumn
become a bruisemark.

-
森の奥の夜の雪のおくの真紅のまんじ
Deep in a forest at night, under the snow, a crimson swastika

-
身をそらす虹の
絶顛
処刑台
Mi o sorasu niji no / zetten / Shokeidai

The peak of a rainbow
arching its body
a gallow

軍鼓鳴り
荒涼と
秋の
痣となる
Gunko nari / kôryô to / aki no / aza to naru

War drums beat
desolately
turns into bruises
of the autumn

まなこ荒れ
たちまち
朝の
終りかな
Manako are / tachimachi / asa no / owari kana

My eyes ravage
& in a moment
the morning
comes to an end

-

legs grow
and legs get tired
autumn ghost

足生えて足が疲れる秋の幽霊

could this be you?
the ghost
weeping at dawn

これが君なるか払暁の泣き幽霊

death registry:
evening flowers morning flowers
noon flowers!

点鬼簿の夕顔朝顔昼顔よ
Note: lit. “evening face, morning face, afternoon face” — these are the Japanese names of flowers: moonflower, morning glory, and bindweed, respectively.

in Tohoku–
long ago I came across
a ghost with kids

東北やむかし出会ひし子持ち幽霊

lonely ghosts
coming out
of the walls

淋しい幽霊いくつも壁を抜けるなり

do ghosts
get depressed, too?
standing under an umbrella

幽霊も鬱なるか傘さして立つ

lying down and looking up
at the underside of the bridge
early spring

橋裏を見上げ寝ころぶ春きさらぎ

February ends
as I gently pat the head
of the grave

二月尽く墓の頭を撫でながら

a spring day
stretching out–
over the grave

春の日が渡りてゆくや墓の上

cloudy May
white birds
taking flight

曇りたる五月は白し鳥が翔つ

how many deceased
utterly forgotten
summer approaches

忘れてしまふ故人いくたり夏来る

as silent as
blue skies, lapis lazuli,
and shadows

こんな静かな青空と瑠璃とかげ

cedar mountain–
the cedars turn black
with morning clouds

杉山や杉黒くして朝ぐもり

the stone walls
quietly burn
my shadow rising

石垣はしづかに灼けて我が立つ影

water sparkling
in the distance
late summer

遠くにて水の輝く晩夏かな

when autumn comes
the ocean’s rough waves
shake the darkness

秋来ぬと海の荒闇ひびくかな

moonlight:
the voice of autumn
in the shape of a mountain

月明の山のかたちの秋の声

stumps dug up
and thrown into a pile
autumn after rain

切株は掘られて積まれ雨後の秋

clear day
stepping on
dead things

晴れし日の枯れたるものを踏んでゆく

a cold sunset
gets up
on my lap

膝の上に寒き日暮が来てゐるなり

after the cold winter blast
a silent man
withered

凩のあとはしづかな人枯らし

fifty years
sisters grinding the mortar
in a withered field

五十年臼碾く姉妹ゐて枯原

snowing
a voice crying softly
in the dark

雪降る闇のしづかに泣いてゐる声かな

snowy day:
climbing and climbing
the ladder

雪の日の梯子をのぼり昇りゆく

a ghostly
white ship passes
large snowflakes

まぼろしの白き船ゆく牡丹雪

carved in stone
a face abandoned
in the field

石に彫り野に捨てておく顔ひとつ

church steeple
the darkness of human speech
looks up at it

尖塔を人語の闇が仰ぐなり

I hear a voice
crying “endless”
a nameless bird

「果てなし」と鳴く声きこえて名無しの鳥

sleeping in the water staring at stones

水中に寝てゐる石を見てゐるなり

going down
and down the long slope
it’s nothing

長き坂くだりくだりて何もなし

graveyard–
under the grave
is a small jar

墓原や墓の下には小さき壺

-

After the collection of haiku by Semio Yamakawa

From the first volume of “The Complete Works of Shigenobu Takayanagi” published by Tatekaze Shobo in 1985.

昭和五十五年五月
蝉のあと蝉の穴にて泣く声あり
タソガレドリは言葉の鳥か我も言葉
あはれ秋なり吉備に至れば吉備の雨
飛びながら飛行機なども老いゆけり
May 1980
After the cicada, there is a voice crying in the cicada hole
Tasogare-dori is a bird of words, or I am also a bird of words
Autumn is here, and when I reach Kibi, it rains in Kibi
Airplanes, etc., grow old as they fly

昭和五十六年
南蛮へ幾夜か夢を泳ぐなり
息の緒よ未明は物の響きせり
海の流木黒潮をゆき病みにけり
我すでに跡形もなき秋の暮
幽霊も鬱なるか傘さして立つ
宵月にここ枯野よと思ふなり
The year of 1981
A few nights swimming in dreams to the southern barbarians
Breath of air, the dawn echoes with the sound of things
The driftwood of the sea is going down the Kuroshio Current and getting sick
I am already lost in the autumn dusk
Ghosts, too, are depressed or standing with umbrellas
In the evening moon, I think, “Here is a dry field.

昭和五十七年
いまは最後の恐竜として永き春
煙となりて我を出で立つ鬼ひとつ
昔なりけり海の極みの大瀑布
長頚の鶴を縊りてゐるまぼろし
The year is 1972
Now, as the last dinosaur, it's eternal spring
A single demon emerges from me as smoke

the great waterfall at the end of the sea, a long time ago
the crane with a long neck is strangled to death

昭和五十八年
瑠璃羽の蝶お前は死んだ弟か
励ませば昼すぎて雪なほも降る
お一いお一い命惜しめといふ山彦
1983
A butterfly with lapis lazuli wings, are you my dead brother?
If I encourage you, it will be past noon and the snow will still fall
Hey, hey, Yamahiko says to hold on to your life
-

◆高柳重信句抄◆

Selected haiku from Takayanagi Shigenobu

「前略十年」より:
From “Ten Years Ago:

「北風や此処までくるとみな背き」
“The north wind, it's all against us now that we've come this far.
/"The north wind has come this far and turned its back on us."
-

「双頭の一つ刎ねられ死にゆく蛇」
“The serpent, one of its two-headed heads cut off, is dying.
/"A dying snake with one of its heads cut off"
-

「蕗子」より:
From “Fukiko:

「身をそらす虹の
絶巓

　　処刑台」

“of the rainbow that deflects itself
The mountaintop

　　Execution platform
-

「「月光」旅館
開けても開けてもドアがある」

“Moonlight” Ryokan

There is a door that opens and opens and opens

/"The Moonlight Inn: No matter how many times I open it, there's always a door"
-

「過失致死罪
わが身に犯し
さあさはじまる
華麗な服罪」

“Manslaughter.
Manslaughter.
Here we go.
“Splendid crime of submission.

/Manslaughter
I have committed
Here we go.
“The Glorious Sin of Submission

/"The crime of negligent homicide
I’ve committed
Now begins
A magnificent punishment

-

「船焼き捨てし
船長は

泳ぐかな」

“I burned my ship to the ground.
“and the captain...

“will he swim?”

/"Will the captain who burned the ship swim?"

/The ship was burnt to the ground
And the captain...

“will he swim?”

-

「孤島にて
不眠の鴉
白くなる」

“On an Isle of Solitude
The Sleepless Raven
White-turning

/"On a deserted island, a sleepless crow turns white"
-

「月下の宿帳
先客の名はリラダン伯爵」

"Guestbook for the Moonlit Night: The previous guest is Count Lilladan.

/The name of the first guest in the inn book under the moon is Count Lilladan.
-

「わが誇
われを欺け
獄のうち
城と飾り」

My pride
Deceive me
In the prison
Castles and Decorations
/"Deceive my pride, the castle and decorations of the prison"
-

「森の奥では
しすしすしす
ひとめをしのぶ
蛇性の散歩」

In the forest's inner part
in the depths of the forest
to see the world from a different point of view
A serpentine walk

/"Deep in the forest, a snake-like stroll, remembering a glimpse, hissing hissing"
-

「やがて縊死する
そんな豫感の
苗木を植ゑる」

“We plant saplings that will eventually die by suicide.

/"I planted a sapling with the premonition that I would soon hang myself"
-

「伯爵領」より:
From The Count’s Territory:

「蒙塵や
重い水車の
　谷間の
　　石臼」

The “mongolian dust and
of heavy waterwheels
　in the valley
　　Stone Millstone

/"Dust and heavy waterwheels

Millstones in the valley"

-

「吹き沈む
野分の
　　谷の
耳さとき蛇」

“Blow and sink
of the field
　　of the valley

The snake that wails in your ear

/"The storm is blowing, the valley is filled with ear-piercing snakes"
-

「罪囚植民地」より:
From “The Prison Colony/ Colony of Sinners”:

「杭のごとく
墓
たちならび
打ちこまれ」

as in “pile
grave
rows upon rows
“driven into the ground.

/"The graves are driven in like stakes
-

「電柱の
キの字の
平野
灯ともし頃」

The electric poles and the plains are lit up when the lights come on

「なまぐさき
眠りの
蛇を
雪降りつつみ」

The Roots of Life
Sleeping
Snake.
Snow Falling

/"The falling snow wraps around the lazy sleeping snake
/“Snow falling on a sleeping snake with a lazy nose.
-

「降る雪の
野の
深井戸の
谺かな」

'of the falling snow
of the field
of a deep well
The echoes of the tree.

/“Echoes of a deep well in a field of falling snow.
-

「蒙塵」より:
From "Mengjin":

「吊るされて
一と夜
二た夜と
揺れるばかり」

Hanging by a thread
one and night
Two and a night
just swaying.

/"Hanged and swaying for one night and then another
/“Hanged one and night, two and nights, and shaken only.
-

「まなこ荒れ
たちまち
朝の
終りかな」

“Roughness of the eyes
immediately
The end of the morning
The end.

/"My eyes are dry and morning is over in an instant.

「あまりのどかで
生かして置けぬ

鳶の輪ひとつ」

“It's too peaceful.
I can't leave it alive.

A single wheel of a steeplechase

/"One hawk's ring that cannot be left alive in such tranquility."
/"It's so peaceful that I can't let a single kite ring live."
-

「墓原や
ひつそりと
なつかしく
あたたかし」

The Grave Fields
softly and quietly
Nostalgic
And warm
-

「影の木に
影の
蛇巻く
秋は來にけり」

In the Shadow Tree
The Shadow
Snake millstones
Autumn is coming.

/“Autumn has come, when shadowy trees and shadowy serpents are millstones.
/"Autumn has come, with the shadow of a snake coiling around the shadow of a tree.

「遠耳父母」より:
From “Far-Eared, Distant Minded Parents”:

「沈丁花

殺されてきて
母が佇つ闇」

The Chintz Flower

Come to be Killed
Mother stands in the dark

/"Denisetsu
After being murdered, the darkness where my mother lies"
-

「親殺し

蛇泳ぎして
行方も知れず」

"Parent murderer

Snake swimming

Going nowhere"

/"The murderer swims like a snake, his whereabouts unknown
/“The killer of my parents, swimming in a snake, never to be seen again.

「山海集」より:
From "Sankaishu":

「琴抱いて
無名の
神が
漂着せり」

Holding a koto
Unknown

God
adrift on the shore.

/"An unknown god washed ashore, carrying a koto"
-

「鬼国と言へり
年経て
神の
栖むところ」

They say, “The land of the devils
after the passing of years
A place where God
Dwelling place of God

/"It is called Oni-kuni, and is the place where the gods live for many years."
-

「わが骨
朽ちたり
野末の石と
いふ言葉も」

My bones
have decayed
and a stone at the end of the field
“and the word 'stone in the field'”

/"My bones are rotting, like the stones of the field."
-

「山川蝉夫句集」より:
From "Yamakawa Semio Haiku Collection":

「凩のあとはしづかな人枯らし」
After the cold wintry wintry winds, a silent man withers.”
/"After the cold wind comes the quiet desolation of the people"

「乱世にして晴れわたる人の木よ」
“O tree of man in the midst of turbulent times!”

/"A tree of humanity that shines brightly in times of trouble."

「六つで死んでいまも押入で泣く弟」
“My brother died at six and still cries in the closet.”

「友よ我は片腕すでに鬼となりぬ」
"My friend, I have already become a demon with one arm."
/“My friend, I am already a demon with one arm.”
/“My friend, I am already a demon in one arm.”

「我すでに跡形もなき秋の暮」
“I am already gone. Autumn has fallen.”

「煙となりて我を出で立つ鬼ひとつ」
“A demon emerges from me in the form of smoke.”
-

◆山海集◆

Sankaishu/ Collection of Mountains and Seas:

「飛騨（ひだ）の
美（うま）し朝霧（あさぎり）
朴葉（ほほば）焦（こ）がしの
みことかな

“The beauty of Hida is the morning mist.

/"The beautiful morning mist of Hida, the burnt magnolia leaves,

飛騨（ひだ）の
山門（やまと）の
考（かんが）へ杉（すぎ）の
みことかな

The mountain gate of Hida is a sacred cedar

/The Hida Mountain Gate is a cedar shrine.

風（かぜ）うごく
上總（かづさ）の
闇（やみ）に
簾（すだれ）して

The wind blows, casting a blind over the darkness of Kamisao

/The wind is blows through the darkness of Kamisao

荒利根（あらとね）の
蛇（へび）も
なじめり
人柱（ひとばしら）

Even the snakes of Aratone have become familiar with me, and I am a human sacrifice.

/Aratone
Even snakes

They are accustomed to it.
Human pillar

天（あめ）が下（した）に
秋（あき）きて
神（かみ）は
みな徒跣（はだし）

The sky is below
And autumn came.
And the gods
all barefoot

/The sky is below
Autumn came
God is
everyone is superior to everyone else

/The sky is below, autumn is here, and all the gods are on their feet.

琴（こと）抱（だ）いて
無名（むめい）の
神（かみ）が
漂着（ひやうちやく）せり
With the koto, an unknown god washed ashore

蛇（へみ）の野（ぬ）に
日高（ひだか）
妻問（つまど）ふ
國津罪（くにつつみ）
In the field of snakes
It is high in the sun
Wife inquires
the crime of being a victim of a crime committed in a foreign country

あらたかに
祟（たた）りて
神（かみ）を
病（や）ましむる
A new curse is cast upon the gods, making them sick.

/severely
Possessing
God

Make sick

一柱（ひとはしら）
神（かみ）は
燔（や）かれて
蛾（ひむし）たつ
A god is burned and a moth rises

/one of the eight gods of the Koyomi
God is
Burnt and
Moths flying

仰（あふ）げば
利目（とめ）に
日月（じつげつ）ならぶ
雁渡（かりわた）し
When I look up, the sun and moon line up in front of me,

/If you look up
In the eyes of the gods
the sun and the moon
Wild geese cross the river

稲（いね）も
蝗（いなご）も
もの狂（ぐる）ふかな
卑彌呼（ひみこ）の國（くに）
Both the rice
And locusts
And the locusts
Land of Himiko

/The rice and the locusts are going crazy in the land of Himiko.

目醒（めざ）め
がちなる
わが盡忠（じんちゆう）は
俳句（はいく）かな
My loyalty, which tends to awaken, is a haiku

/waking up
apt to wake up
My aim is to
Haiku

鳥（とり）も栖（す）まねば
枯木（かれき）に
宿（やど）れ
わが生命（いのち）
If birds do not live, they will take refuge in the withered tree.

/If a bird does not live, my life is in a dead tree

/Even birds must live
(a) tree withered in the dead
Dwell in the dead tree
My Life

わが骨（ほね）
朽（く）ちたり
野末（のずゑ）の石（いし）と
いふ言葉（ことば）も」
My bones have rotted away, and there are words like these that say they are like stones at the bottom of a field.

/My bones are rotting, like a stone in the field.

/my bones
have decayed
A stone at the end of the field
is also a word
-

「覚書」より:

From “Memorandum of Understanding:

「この句集にとって、俳句とは、永遠に姿を現わさぬ何かであり、しかも、暗闇の奥に、常時、それとなく感じられる確かなものであった。別の言葉で言えば、それは、出現するに先立って、すでに名づけられているにもかかわらず、いまだに判然とは出現しないものであった。

したがって、この句集に於いては、それに肉迫しようとする懸命な意欲と、その一途な軌跡を集めたと言いたいが、それも、いささか広言に過ぎよう。むしろ、俳句自身、とも言うべき彼方の存在と、作者自身との間にときおり降ってきた一群の言葉が、ただ漠然と置かれてあるとしたほうが、いっそう事実に近づくであろう。」

For this collection, haiku is something eternally invisible, yet always palpable in the depths of the darkness. In other words, it is something that has already been named before it appears, yet it still does not appear.

Therefore, in this collection, I would like to say that I have collected the earnest desire to approach it and its single-minded trajectory, but that would be a bit too broad a statement. Rather, it would be closer to the truth to say that the haiku are merely a vague collection of words that have occasionally fallen between the haiku themselves, or some other entity, and the author himself.

青彌撒

“A GREEN DISPERSED MASS”

「むしろわななけ
いま
縊られる
神聖薔薇王国」

licking one's lips
now
be strangled
Sacred Rose Kingdom

/”Rather, the Kingdom of the Sacred Rose is a place to be dangled and strangled.

「夜叉舞や
舞ひ崩れては
おらびつつ」

"The Yaksha Dance falls apart and falls apart"
/“The Dance of Yasha collapsing while being broken

「蒙塵や
背に
大旱の
満月浴び」

"The dust is on my back and the full moon is bathed in the drought.
/"Covered in dust, bathed in the full moon of a great drought

「青き王妃よ
朝の
やつれの
銀の一髪」

"Blue Queen"
Morning
Haggard
A single strand of silver hair

/"Blue Queen, Silver Hair of Morning Haze"

「香函や
王妃は
秘むる
聖免罪符」

"The incense box and the queen are the hidden holy indulgences."
/"The incense box and the queen's secret holy indulgence"

「花火
はなやぎ
着飾り終へし
喪服の時間」

Fireworks
Hanayagi
Dressed up and finished
The time of mourning attire

「いまは
夜更けの
黒い花火が
とりのこされ」

Right now
Late at night
Black fireworks
Left behind

「遠望の
重き
曙
戦きはじむ」

"Far-reaching"
Heavy
Dawn
The battle begins.

「樅の林の
日の縞の
疑り深き

切株ひとつ」

The grove of fir trees
The stripes of the sun
Skeptical
A single tree stump

/"A suspicious stump, striped with sunlight, in a fir forest."

「この河
おそろし
あまりやさしく
流れゆき」
This river
Terrifying
Too gently
Flowing along

/"This river flows so gently, it's frightening"

「まなこ荒れ
たちまち
朝の
終りかな」

"With eyes troubled, is it the end of the morning?"

「遠眼鏡

けなげに
巫女を舞はしめて」

"With a telescope, I watched the shrine maiden dance bravely."
/"The spyglass bravely begins the shrine maiden's dance."

「遠見下ろすは

影踏み鬼の
影法師」

"Looking down from afar is

the shadow of the Shadow Stepping Demon."

/"Looking far away, the shadow of the shadow-stepping demon"

「山の花火の
山彦が
いま過ぎてゆく
赤き死の上」

"The echoes of the mountain fireworks are now passing over the red death."

「たてがみを刈り
たてがみを刈る

愛撫の晩年」

"Cutting the mane"
Cutting the mane

The Late Years of Caresses

/"Cut the mane, cut the mane, caress the later years"

「鞭打れゐて
月下の
蛇の
鞭となるとき」

"When the whip becomes the whip of a snake under the moon"

「胎内や

爪に火ともす
人差し指」

In the womb and

Burning the candle at both ends
Index finger

/"Inside the womb,

the index finger lights a fire on its nail"

「両眼すでに
掘りぬかれ

馬銜を
噛みしめ」

Both eyes already
Excavated
bit
Bite down

/"Both his eyes have already been dug out and he is biting the bit"

「影の木に
影の
蛇巻く
秋は来にけり」

"Under the shadow of the tree"
Shadow
The snake coils
Autumn has come.

/"Autumn has come, with shadow snakes coiling around the shadow trees."

「痺れし蛇が
捜し打つ
水底の
尼僧院」

A paralyzed snake
Searching and striking
Bottom of the water
Nunnery

/"The paralyzed snake seeks and attacks the underwater nunnery"

「秋たけて
血も冷えゆくや

水の上」

"As autumn deepens, my blood grows colder,

on the water"

「招きにまねく

かの
一髪の
青みどろ」

Beckoning
That
One hair’s
Blue mud

/"The Spirogyra is inviting me"

「げにも
やさしく
いま髪を撫す
毒手袋」

"Indeed"
Gently
Now, gently caressing my hair.
Poisonous gloves

「髪もて吊るす
乾し首の
十三日の
金曜市場」

"Hanging by the hair"
Dried heads
The thirteenth
Friday Market

「梟されて
もの憂きは
断頭以後の
長き耳鳴り」

"Even after being beheaded, the sorrow of the owl is like a long-lasting tinnitus."
/"The only sorrow of being beheaded is the long-lasting ringing in your ears."

「死のまなざしの
はにかみに
首をかしげる
黒髪格子」

"The gaze of death"
Shyly
Tilting their head
Black-haired checkered

/"The black hair lattice tilts its head shyly with the gaze of death"

「かざすは
火首
降るは火の髪
また　火の髪」

"To hold up"
Fire head
The hair of fire falls.
Again, the hair of fire.

/"The head of fire is held up, the hair of fire falls, and the hair of fire falls again."

「山流し

耳を覆へば
死を待つ形」

「見殺しや

じつに靜かに
百鳴る銅鑼」

Mountain stream

Covering my ears
Waiting for death

/"Yama-Nagashi

If you cover your ears
you're waiting to die"

「親殺し

蛇泳ぎして
行方も知れず」

Parricide

Swimming like a snake
Missing without a trace.

/"The murderer swims like a snake, his whereabouts unknown"

「沈丁花

殺されてきて
母が佇つ闇」

Daphne

Having been killed
The darkness where my mother stands

/"The darkness where my mother lies after the death of Daphne"

「兄は
身代り
百年前から
濡葉の下」

My brother
Substitute
A hundred years ago
Under the Wet Leaves

/"My brother has been a substitute for me for a hundred years, under the wet leaves."

「耳の五月よ
嗚乎
嗚乎と
耳鐘は鳴り」

"May of the ears"
Alas
Alas
The ear bell rings.

/"Oh, oh, oh, the bells of May in my ears are ringing."

「耳の木や
身ぐるみ
脱いで
耳のこる」

"Tree of ears"
Clothes
Undress
It sticks in my ears.

/"Take off your clothes and your ears will remain"

「耳の寺院に
吊るされて
頭上の
合掌」

"Hanging from the temple of the ear, hands together above the head"

「沖に
父あり
日に一度
沖に日は落ち」

"Offshore"
Father is present
Once a day
The sun sets in the open sea.

/"There is a father in the ocean. Once a day, the sun sets in the ocean."

「母を脱ぐ

血を浴びて
いまだ名もなし」

"Take off the mother"

Covered in blood
"Still without a name"

/"I'm still nameless, covered in my mother's blood"

「妹と

影を植ゑ
妹と
よぢれあふかな」

"Planting shadows with my sister, entangled with her."
/"Planting shadows with my sister, twisting with my sister"

「春夏秋冬
母は
睡むたし
睡れば死なむ」

"Spring, summer, autumn, winter"
Mother
Sleepiness
If I sleep, I will die.

/"Spring, summer, fall, winter, mothers sleep, and when they sleep, they die"

「姉に恋来て
匂ふ日よ

粗塩を撒く」

"Love has come to my sister"
The day when the fragrance comes.

Sprinkling coarse salt.

/"My sister has fallen in love and on this fragrant day I sprinkle coarse salt"
-

全集 Ⅰ

Complete Collection I:

「伯爵領」より:
From The Count’s Territory:

「吹き沈む
野分の
　　谷の
耳さとき蛇」

"Blown and sunk"
The translation of "野分の" is "of the wild wind."
Valley
The Ear-Listening Snake

/"The storm is blowing, the valley is filled with ears of a snake"

「その黒斑
うとまれ撃たる
寝墓の森の
黒斑鳥」

That black spot
Hated and shot
The Forest of Sleeping Graves
Black-throated Thrush

/"That black spot is hated and shot, the black spotted bird of the forest of burial mounds"

「遠耳父母」より:
From "Distant-Eared Parents":

「親殺し

蛇泳ぎして
行方も知れず」

Parent murder

Snake swimming
Nowhere to go

「沈丁花

殺されてきて
母が佇つ闇」

"Chimonanthus praecox"

Having been killed
The darkness where my mother stands

「山川蝉夫句集」より:
From "Yamakawa Semio's Haiku Collection":

「ずるずると春の沼より引き出す縄」
"The rope that is pulled out of the spring swamp, slowly and steadily."

「足生えて足が疲れる秋の幽霊」
"Ghosts of autumn with tired legs and feet."

「みちのくも幽霊も秋闌けにけり」
"The clouds and ghosts are in the final days of autumn."
/"Even the ghosts of Michinoku have faded with the autumn."

「凩のあとはしづかな人枯らし」
"After the cold wind, a quiet withering of people."

「雪のこゑ添寝童子がまたも来る」
"The Snow's Voice, the Sleeping Child, Comes Again"
/"The Snow-Sleeping Boy Comes Again"

「まぼろしの白き船ゆく牡丹雪」
"The phantom white ship sails through peony snow"
"The Phantom White Boat Sailing in Snow"

「乱世にして晴れわたる人の木よ」
"A tree of humanity that shines brightly in times of trouble."

「泣きじやくる不思議なものをふところに」
"A mysterious thing that comes when you cry, in your bosom."
"A mysterious thing that makes me cry"

「淋しい幽霊いくつも壁を抜けるなり」
"Many lonely ghosts pass through the walls."

「友よ我は片腕すでに鬼となりぬ」
"Friend, one of my arms has already become a demon."
/"My friend, I have already become a demon with one arm."

「山川蝉夫句集以後」より:
From "After Yamakawa Semio's Haiku Collection":

「我すでに跡形もなき秋の暮」
"I have already become a trace-less autumn evening."
/"I have already lost all trace of autumn evening"

「人喰人種も喰はれて滅び人の秋」
"Even man-eating tribes are devoured and perish; it is the autumn of mankind."

「幽霊も鬱なるか傘さして立つ」
"Even ghosts get depressed, standing under an umbrella."
/"Even ghosts get depressed, so I stand with an umbrella"

「煙となりて我を出で立つ鬼ひとつ」
"A demon rises from me, turning into smoke."

「蕗子(『黒彌撒』版)より:
From "Fukiko (Black Mass version):

「森の奥では
しすしすしす
ひとめをしのぶ
蛇性の散歩」

"In the depths of the forest, a snake-like stroll, hissing and hissing, avoiding the gaze of others."
-

全集 Ⅱ

Complete Collection II

「放哉と山頭火」より：
From "Hōsai and Santōka":

「そう言えば、はじめて僕が山頭火の俳句に接したのは、敗戦直後の混乱期であった。当時、しばらく僕の家の食客となっていた同年齢の放浪青年がいて、彼の強い奨めに従って読んだのである。その頃の僕は、いわば寝たきりの重病人で、戸外へ出ることも叶わぬくらいであったから、無限の空を仰いで放浪することなど、まったく思いもよらなかった。あるいは、そんなわけで、山頭火に対する感受性を欠いていたのかもしれないが、その青年が眼を輝やかせて語る山頭火の放浪生活に、格別の刺戟を受けた記憶はない。ただ、その青年の表情の不思議なやさしさだけが、きわめて印象的であった。

その頃の僕の日常は、文字どおり俳句だけに明け暮れていた。ふりかぶさってくる眠む気をゆるめると死んでしまうのではないかと懸命に気を張りながら、しきりと僕が思いを凝らしていた俳句は、その一句を形成している言葉のみによって、一句のリアリティが完全に支えられているような作品であった。（中略）俳句形式に対する僕の態度は、その後も変わっていないが、その意味からも、山頭火の俳句の構造は、あまりにも脆弱であった。

そして、ここが、同じ自由律の俳人でも、山頭火と放哉の句とが、まったく違う点であろう。」

"Now that I think of it, the first time I came across Santoka's haiku was during the period of confusion immediately after Japan's defeat in the war. At the time, there was a wandering young man of the same age who had been staying with me for a while, and I read his haiku at his strong urging. At the time, I was, so to speak, bedridden and seriously ill, and was unable to go outside, so the idea of wandering and looking up at the infinite sky never even occurred to me. Perhaps because of this, I lacked sensitivity to Santoka, but I don't remember being particularly stimulated by the young man's description of his wandering life, his eyes shining as he spoke of it. All I remember is the mysterious gentleness in the young man's expression, It was extremely memorable.

My daily life at that time was literally devoted to haiku. The haiku I concentrated on, straining my nerves to avoid the sleepiness that was coming over me, fearing that I would die if I let my guard down, were works in which the reality of each verse was supported entirely by the words that formed it...My attitude towards the haiku form has not changed since then, but in that sense too, the structure of Santoka's haiku was far too fragile.

And this is probably the point where Santoka's and Hozai's haiku are completely different, even though they were both free verse poets.

「しかし、放哉には、放哉的な生き方というようなものが、どこを探してみても、なぜか浮かびあがって来ないのである。放哉の生涯を通じて、いちばん印象的に浮かびあがってくるのは、むしろ、放哉的な死に方とでも言うべきものである。放哉も、また、気の進まぬものから遠ざかろうとして、懸命にもがいていたのは確かなことであるが、そこには、かなり積極的な拒絶の意志が感じられる。放哉は、その生涯をかけて、非常に熱烈に放哉自身にしがみついていた。この世に生まれて来たことが、すでに大きな手違いであったように、放哉は、放哉自身とだけ連れ立って、ひっそりと生命の終るのを待つことが、唯一の理想であった。青年期を過ぎたあとの放哉が生きた歳月は、放哉自身になりきってゆくために必要であったにすぎない。それと、もう一つ、ふさわしい死に場所に出会うための漂泊は、山頭火のそれとはちがって、はじめは漠としていたとしても、次第にはっきりとしてきた一つの目的に添って、きわめて静謐に貫徹されたと言っていい。したがって、遂にふさわしい死に場所と思うものを見つけたあとの放哉は、たちまちに生命を終えてしまうのである。山頭火が徹底して無方法に終始したのに対し、放哉ははるかに方法的であった。（中略）何よりも、放哉は、待つことを知っていた。」
「放哉は、新興俳句運動どころか、四Sの揺籃期ともいうべき大正十五年に、世を去ってしまったが、それから十年を経て、そのあまりに繊細な感受性のために、熱烈な人間好きから激しい人間嫌いに一変した渡辺白泉が、その生まれかわりのように、新興俳句運動の中から出現する。」

"However, no matter where one looks for anything like a Hozai-like way of life, for some reason it does not emerge. What emerges most strikingly from Hozai's life is, rather, what one might call a Hozai-like way of dying. It is true that Hozai, too, struggled desperately to distance himself from things he did not want to do, but there is a sense of a fairly active will to reject them. Hozai clung to himself very passionately throughout his life. Just being born into this world was already a big mistake, and his only ideal was to stay with himself and wait quietly for his life to end. The years that Hozai lived after his youth were simply necessary in order for him to fully become Hozai himself. Another thing is that, unlike Santoka, Hosai's wanderings in search of a suitable place to die were carried out with an extremely tranquil and consistent purpose that, although vague at first, gradually became clearer. Therefore, after finally finding what he thought was a suitable place to die, Hosai immediately ended his life. Whereas Santoka was completely methodless, Hosai was far more methodical. (Omitted) Above all, Hosai knew how to wait.
"Hosai passed away in 1926, which could be called the infancy of the Shis' movement, let alone the New Haiku movement. Ten years later, Watanabe Hakusen, whose extremely sensitive sensibility transformed him from an ardent lover of people to an intense hater of them, appeared from the New Haiku movement as if reincarnated.

「阿波野青畝小論」より:
From "A Short Essay on [Awano Seiho]":
「だいたい、俳句表現は、誰の作品にしても、その作者が、はじめから終りまで、十七字のすべてを、みずからの力のみで書き終えるということは、まず、ないのである。おそらく、その五割から六割ぐらいまでは、俳句形式それ自体の力が、作者の手を添えて書きあげている。」

"Generally speaking, when it comes to haiku, no matter who writes it, it is almost impossible for the author to write all 17 characters from beginning to end using only his or her own strength.

Perhaps about 50 to 60 percent of the poem is written using the power of the haiku form itself, assisted by the author."

「三橋鷹女覚書」より:
From "Mitsuhashi Takako Memorandum":

「三橋鷹女は、僕にとって格別に親しい俳人の一人であった。」
「おそらく僕にとっての鷹女は、親しいという言葉が普通に持っている意味以上の何かであったに違いない。」
"Mitsuhashi Takako was one of the haiku poets who was especially close to me." "Perhaps Takajo meant something more to me than the ordinary meaning of the word 'close'."

「これと同じように格別な親しみを僕に感じさせた俳人として、もう一人、富沢赤黄男がいた。」
"There was another haiku poet with whom I felt a similar special affinity: Tomizawa Kakio."

「昭和三十七年三月七日に、赤黄男は満六十歳を目前にしながら永眠した。」
"On March 7, 1962, Akakio passed away just before turning 60 years old."

「昭和四十七年四月七日の早朝、遂に鷹女も世を去った。」
"Finally, Takako passed away in the early morning of April 7, 1972."

「いま僕が密かに信じつつあるのは、はじめから終りまで俳句形式にかかわる緊密な三位一体、たとえばエジプトに伝えられたオシリスとイシスとホルスのごとき、きわめて呪術的な父と母と子の関係であった。
　僕が鷹女について書いてゆけば、当然、この不思議な三位一体に触れることを回避できないであろう。それは、やがて、昭和三十七年三月七日に赤黄男が没し、昭和四十七年四月七日に鷹女が没し、そして昭和五十七年五月七日に僕が没するという、このめでたい俳句的恩寵の三位一体の成就について、おのずから書き進むことになろう。生まれつき極度に迷信ぶかい僕は、ふだん口に出して言ったこと、文字にして書いたことが、しばしば実現してしまうという体験を重ねて来たために、その予感に半ば恍惚となりながらも、また一方で、少なからず恐れを抱くのであった。」
"What I am secretly coming to believe now is that there is a close trinity that is connected to the haiku form from beginning to end, a highly magical relationship between father, mother and child, like that of Osiris, Isis and Horus in Egypt.
If I were to write about Takajo, I would naturally be unable to avoid touching on this mysterious trinity. I would eventually end up writing about the fulfillment of this auspicious trinity of haiku grace, with Akakio passing away on March 7, 1962, Takajo passing away on April 7, 1972, and myself passing away on May 7, 1982. Being extremely superstitious by nature, I have had many experiences in which the things I have said out loud or written down have often come true, so while I am half-ecstatic about this premonition, I am also more than a little frightened."

「妖説・永田耕衣」より:
From "The Mysterious Story of Koi Nagata":

「なぜなら、その行為が、まがりなりにも一つの俳句表現を実現するためには、その行為のどこかで、かならず何かを見とどけることが必要である。しかも、それは、単に、何ものかを見つめるだけでなく、あらゆる自然のなかから、次々と価値ある類似を発見し、あらゆる人間のなにがしかの運命に、その類似が及ぼそうとする力を明らかにしていった、あの古代や中世の見霊者たちのように、いつも何ごとかを見とおすことであった。それは、ある場合には、自然のなかに、超自然の精霊の姿をかいまみることであり、時にはまた、現実に精霊の声を聴くことでもあった。しかし、現在、俳句にかかわりをもつ人々の大多数は、そのような精神の極度の集中と、それがもたらす不思議な感応の力を、ほとんど信じようとはしないし、じじつ、彼等は、その能力をまったく欠いているといってよいであろう。」

"Because in order for the act to even remotely realize a haiku expression, it is necessary that somewhere in that act one sees something. And this does not simply mean gazing at something, but always seeing through something, like the ancient and medieval seers who discovered valuable similarities one after another in all of nature and revealed the power that these similarities have over some aspect of the destiny of every human being. In some cases, this meant catching a glimpse of supernatural spirits in nature, and at other times actually hearing the voices of spirits. However, the majority of people involved in haiku today have little desire to believe in such extreme mental concentration and the mysterious power of sensitivity that it brings, and in fact it may be said that they are completely lacking in this ability."

「したがって、いま、俳句形式が喪い、多くの俳人の心が失ってしまったものは、単に、その背景としての自然の環境だけではなく、人間精神のなかの自然の心でもあったのである。だから、いま書かれている、いわゆる俳句作品の多くが喚起しようとしているものはそこに選ばれて並んでいる言葉が、平板に指ししめしているところの、せいぜい日常次元の事実や、それに付随するささやかな感懐だけである。そして、それが辛うじて誘い出すことが出来るのは、きわめて振幅の小さい類似の感情にすぎない。（中略）たぶん、彼等にとって、多くの精霊が存在し、それが信じられていたような、たとえば古代のような人間の精神は、未開で無知の典型として、一顧の価値もないにちがいない。しかし、僕の見るところでは、その古代は、あるいは未開ではあったかもしれないが、決して無知ではなかった。むしろ、現在の多くの人々のほうが、たとえば、一定の形式のなかの言葉について考えるようなとき、はるかに無知なのではあるまいか。

"Therefore, what the haiku form has lost, and what the hearts of many haiku poets have lost, is not simply the natural environment that serves as its background, but also the natural heart within the human spirit. Therefore, what many of the so-called haiku works being written today are trying to evoke is, at best, the facts of the everyday world and the modest emotions that accompany them, which the words selected and arranged in them point out in a straightforward manner. And what they are only able to elicit is a similar emotion of extremely small amplitude....Perhaps to them the human spirit of ancient times, when many spirits existed and were believed to exist, would have been the epitome of primitive ignorance and not worthy of a second glance. However, in my view, the ancient times may have been primitive, but they were by no means ignorant. If anything, aren't many people today far more ignorant when it comes to thinking about words within a certain form, for example?

ただ、ときおり、僕は、その古代の名残りのようなものを、どこか心のなかにもった人たちに、偶然に出会うことがある。（中略）富沢赤黄男や西東三鬼や三橋鷹女などが、それにあたるようである。これらの人たちが書いた俳句作品のいくつかには、あの古代呪術のもつ洞察力が、言葉というものに賭けた切実な人間の思いと、それが時にもたらした妖しい呪文の力に似て、なぜか不思議な精神の世界が閉じこめられており、僕の心のなかに、さまざまな無限の類似を喚起するのである。（中略）そして、この古代の名残りを思わせる人たちのなかで、特にそれが顕著であり、逸することの出来ないのは、いうまでもなく永田耕衣である。
However, every once in a while, I happen to come across people who somehow retain in their hearts a remnant of that ancient past.... Tomizawa Kakio, Saito Miki, Mitsuhashi Takajo and others seem to fit this description. Some of the haiku works written by these people somehow contain a mysterious spiritual world, resembling the insight of ancient magic, the earnest human feelings betting on words, and the mysterious spell power that these sometimes bring about, and they evoke a variety of infinite similarities in my mind.... And among those who remind me of these remnants of the ancient past, it goes without saying that Nagata Koi is particularly notable and cannot be overlooked.

いま、ふと気がついたのであるが、以上に列挙した作者たちの作品で、僕がいつも心を惹かれるものは、（中略）そのいずれも、やや難解とされているようである。もちろん、その難解とは、あの作品解釈という俳壇流の簡便な作法に、なかなか乗りにくいという意味にすぎないが、これは、むしろ当然であって、これらの作品が喚起するものは、主として人間心理の暗黒であった。もともと俳壇というところは、（中略）常に指導的な俳人たちの、いわば浅薄な啓蒙主義や合理主義の支配が強かったのであるが、これらの作家たちの作風は、期せずして、それに対する反抗という点で、奇妙に一致している。（中略）これらの作家たちが、その体質的な欲求から、この人間心理の暗黒にわずかに触れたとき、俳句における人間の復権は、はじめて、辛うじて緒についたのであった。浅薄な啓蒙主義や合理主義の支配下で、人間心理の皮相をなでまわしている人たちにとって、それは、当然、難解でなければならなかったのである。」

I just realized that, among the works of the above-listed authors, the ones that always attract me...all of them seem to be considered somewhat difficult to understand. Of course, by difficult I mean that they are difficult to interpret in the easy-to-follow manner of the haiku world, but this is only natural, and what these works evoke is mainly the darkness of human psychology. Originally, the haiku world...has always been strongly dominated by the shallow Enlightenment and rationalism of leading haiku poets, but the styles of these writers are strangely united in their unintentional rebellion against this....When these writers, driven by their natural desires, touched even slightly on the darkness of human psychology, the restoration of humanity in haiku was finally just beginning. It was only natural that these works had to be difficult to understand for those who were stroking the surface of human psychology under the control of shallow Enlightenment and rationalism. "

「こういう人たちは、非常にすぐれた呪力をもち、きわめて危険な存在だということになろうが、僕の思うに、いまや、この程度の呪力なくしては、俳句表現など、とうてい実現の見込みはなさそうである。」
"Such people may be said to have extremely strong magical powers and to be extremely dangerous, but I believe that without this level of magical power, it is virtually impossible to achieve any kind of expression in haiku."

「富沢赤黄男論」より:
From "Tomizawa Kakio":

「思えば、富沢赤黄男は、常に孤立した存在であった。」
"When I think about it, Tomizawa Akakio has always been an isolated figure."

「蝉」より:
From "Cicada":

「そう言えば、私は、この弟の声や片言すらも、まったく記憶していない。この二つ違いの弟は、私に幼い記憶が始まって以来、いつも私にとりすがるようにまつわりついていた。」
「ともあれ、これは、この兄弟にとって、打ち揃って過ごした最後の夏であった。次の年の四月の初め、ほんの一週間ほど病んだきりで、この無口な弟は死んでしまった。まだ八歳の私には、そのとき病名も知らされず、いまに至るまで、どこをどう病んで死んだのか知らないままになっている。死んでしまった弟が病院から戻ってきた花曇りの午後、私は泣きもせず、口もきかず、ぽかんとして家の門を出たり入ったりしていたような気がする。門の外には昨日と変わらぬ子供たちの元気な日常があり、門の内には死んだ弟が横たわっていた。そのどちらともつかぬところで、私はさまよっていたのである。」
「その夏のある一日、私は群馬県の母の実家にいた。そこは真言宗の小さな寺で、明確には区切られていない境内の周囲に木立や桑畑などが展がっており、いたるところに凄まじいばかりの蝉の声があった。
　とつぜん、眼前の鐘楼の柱に蝉が飛んできて、私の眉の高さほどのところにとりつくと、人もなげに大きな声をあげ始めた。ふと笑いがこみあげて、いたずら心を刺戟された私は、たまたま手にしていた草刈り鎌を近づけると、その蝉は他愛もなく刃先に貫かれてしまった。そのあっけない死にざまに驚きながら、一方で私は悔恨にも揺すぶられていた。そのつたない運命への同情は高まり、偶然の一匹だけが死なねばならぬ不幸と不公平を解消するために、このあたりに鳴く蝉は、すべて同じように生き同じように死ぬべしと、しきりに思うのであった。
　そのつもりになって眼をこらすと、八歳の少年の手のとどく高さにも、実に多くの蝉の姿があった。草刈り鎌を発止と打つと、いとも簡単に、次から次へと蝉は死んでいった。「お前ばかりを死なせはしないぞ」と声に出して言いながら、私の殺戮はつづいた。そして、いつのまにか、この春に死んでしまった弟の墓の前まで来ていた。
　いま、私は、山川蝉夫という別の筆名を持っている。すでに俳句形式が知りつくしている幾つかの技術を組み合わせただけで、即刻に吐き出すような作品を、必要あって発表するとき、もっぱら、この筆名が使用される。

　　六つで死んでいまも押入に泣く弟　　山川　蝉夫」

"Now that I think of it, I don't remember my brother's voice or even his broken speech at all. Ever since I first had childhood memories, this brother, two years younger than me, had always clung to me as if clinging to me."

"Anyway, this was the last summer the brothers spent together. At the beginning of April the following year, after only a week of illness, this silent brother passed away. I was only eight years old, so I wasn't told the name of the illness at the time, and to this day I don't know where he died or what illness he had. On the cloudy, flowery afternoon when my dead brother returned from the hospital, I feel like I was walking in and out of the gate of our house, neither crying nor speaking a word, just blankly. Outside the gate, the children were going about their lively daily lives, just like yesterday, and inside the gate was my dead brother. I was wandering, not sure which was which."
"One day that summer, I was at my mother's parents' house in Gunma Prefecture. It was a small Shingon Buddhist temple, and the grounds were not clearly divided, so There were groves of trees and mulberry fields all around, and the dreadful cries of cicadas could be heard everywhere.
Suddenly, a cicada flew onto the pillar of the bell tower in front of me, and as it attached itself to me at about eyebrow height, it began to chirp loudly and without a word. A burst of laughter welled up in my throat, and my mischievous spirit was stimulated. I happened to be holding a sickle and approached the cicada, and it was impaled by the blade of the sickle without a word. I was shocked at the sudden death of the cicada, but at the same time I was overcome with remorse. My sympathy for the cicada's unfortunate fate grew, and I repeatedly thought that all the cicadas chirping around here should live and die in the same way, to eliminate the misfortune and injustice of the coincidence that only one cicada had to die.

With that in mind, I squinted my eyes and saw many cicadas, even at a height that an eight-year-old boy could reach. I struck the grass sickle and one after another, they died with ease. I continued my slaughter, saying out loud, "I won't let you be the only one to die." And before I knew it, I had arrived at the grave of my younger brother, who had died this spring.

Now, I have another pen name, Yamakawa Semio. I use this pen name exclusively when I need to publish a piece that I can instantly spit out by simply combining several techniques that are already well known in the haiku form.

My younger brother, who died at six and still cries in the closet - Yamakawa Semio

-

全集 Ⅲ

Complete Collection III

「敗北の詩」より:
From "The Poem of Defeat":

「僕は、俳句形式の発生そのものに、この敗北主義をひしひしと感じる。もちろん、現代の敗北主義は、当時の敗北主義の如く、封建制下の外部的・強制的な抑圧によって他動的に無理やりに生まれたものではなく、より内面的な不安定な人間そのものの崩壊から生まれる深刻なものであろう。誰の眼にも等しく見える抑圧ではなく、感じることの出来る者にのみ感じる抑圧が、そして、それを感じることによって次第に始まる内面崩壊が、その敗北主義を誘発する。それ故に、そこからの単純な退隠は許されない。普通に考えられる意味での風流であることも許されない。そういう状況の中で、どうして自然を愛する余裕などがあり得ようか。自分を愛すること、その偏愛以外にすべてを失なったとき、また、それすら失なわんとしたとき、風流はあり得ない。そこに虚無的な何ものかが生まれて来るのではなかろうか。それは、年齢にかかわりなく訪れる晩年の意識の芽生えと、どこかで繋がっている。

僕は、だから、俳句を選択した動機の中に含まれている半ば無意識に似た敗北主義こそ、逆にさかのぼって俳句の性格を決定する重要な要素であり、そこから無意識に引き出される虚無主義の妖花こそ、今後の俳句の当然の課題ではなかろうかと考える。

それは、しかし、形式の安易さから、気軽に無自覚に投じて来る大衆の詩であることを、必然的に拒否し、俳句を最も孤独なものに置きかえてしまうだろう。僕は、それも当然のことと思う。」

"I feel this defeatism keenly in the very origins of the haiku form. Of course, modern defeatism is not something that was born passively out of external, coercive oppression under feudalism, like the defeatism of that time, but is more serious, born out of the breakdown of the inner instability of human beings themselves. Defeatism is not triggered by oppression that is equally visible to everyone, but by oppression that is felt only by those who are able to feel it, and the inner breakdown that gradually begins as a result of feeling it. For this reason, simple retreat from it is not permitted. Nor is it permitted to be elegant in the ordinary sense. In such a situation, how can there be any room for love of nature? There is no place for anything other than loving oneself, or loving oneself exclusively. When you have lost everything, or when you are on the verge of losing even that, there can be no elegance. Isn't it possible that something nihilistic is born there? This is connected somewhere to the emergence of consciousness in later life, regardless of age.

So I believe that the semi-unconscious defeatism contained in the motive for choosing haiku is in fact an important element that determines the character of haiku, and that the enchanting flower of nihilism that is unconsciously drawn out from this is a natural challenge for haiku in the future.

However, this will inevitably reject the type of poetry that is casually and unconsciously thrown into popular poetry due to the ease of the form, and will replace haiku with the loneliest of things. I think that is only natural."

「だから、いちばん重大な問題は、時代の流行に逆行する俳句文学そのものの、いわば反社会性、ならびに、敢えてそのジャンルを選択した俳句作家の反社会性を、如何に明確に、正直に自覚するかにかかっていると思う。僕は、そうした多分に反社会的な、あるいは超越的な立場を明らかにすることによって、人間の進歩を信仰する合理的な評論家たちに、大きく開き直りながら、ここに一つの特殊で偏屈なジャンルを主張したいと思う。」

"So I think the most important issue lies in how clearly and honestly we can recognize the anti-social nature, so to speak, of haiku literature itself, which runs counter to the trends of the time, as well as the anti-social nature of haiku writers who have chosen this genre. By making clear this largely anti-social, or even transcendental, position, I would like to make a bold claim here to a unique and eccentric genre, while remaining open-minded to rational critics who believe in human progress."

「俳句だけに限らず、何ごとにおいても、その廃滅の寸前にはたいてい爛熟しきった頽廃的な美しい灯をまもるための、ごく少数の人たちが存在するものだ。そして、その頽廃こそ、新しい芽生えの準備なのだ。だから、その担当者には、はじめから虚無的な敗北的な動機により、この俳句形式を進んで選択した少数の孤独な魂の持ち主が、もっともふさわしいと思われる。」

"Not only in haiku, but in anything, when it is on the verge of extinction, there are usually a very small number of people who protect the beautiful, decadent light that has reached its full maturity. And this decadence is what prepares the way for something new to grow. Therefore, the most suitable people to be in charge are the small number of lonely souls who have willingly chosen this haiku form from the beginning out of nihilistic, defeatist motives."

「大宮伯爵の俳句即生活」より:
From "The Haiku of Count Omiya, Living Poetry":

「まったく、大宮伯爵の言うごとく、俳句と堕罪の意識とは、完全に不離のものであったと、私にも思われる。(中略)思えば、嘗つて俳句は、一度だって明日への進軍ラッパであったことはなかったし、また、今日の直接の心の糧であったこともなかった。たとえば、俳句はいつも昨日の挽歌であった。「俳句というジャンルは、生まれると同時に、既に過去のものだったんだよ、あんた」という大宮伯爵の言葉を、私はどうしても忘れることは出来ない。」
"I think that, exactly as Count Omiya said, haiku and the consciousness of fallen sin are completely inseparable. (Omitted) When I think about it, haiku has never once been a marching trumpet for tomorrow, nor has it ever been direct spiritual nourishment for today. For example, haiku has always been an elegy for yesterday. I will never be able to forget the words of Count Omiya: 'The genre of haiku was already a thing of the past as soon as it was born, you know.'"

「「あんたは、ヴェルテルになって短銃で頭を射ち抜くかわりに、俳句を書くことになるだろう」その時が、たしかに私にやって来たのである。しかし、私は、もう一つの大宮伯爵の言葉を思い出す。そのとき大宮伯爵は皮肉な顔つきで、こんなことを私の耳にささやいたものだ。「この頃、しきりに俳句即生活なんて言葉をきくがね、あんたは知っているかい。それはね、自活するくらいなら自殺するぞということなんだよ。本当は」。」

"Instead of becoming Werther and shooting yourself in the head with a pistol, you will be writing haiku." That moment had certainly come for me. But I remember another of Count Omiya's words. At that time, with a sarcastic look on his face, Count Omiya whispered in my ear, "These

days, you often hear people say that haiku is life, but do you know what it means? In reality, that means that they would rather commit suicide than support themselves."

「私にとって俳句とは」より：
From "For Me, Haiku Is":

「いわゆる人間の言葉を、まだ一つも知らなかったころ、暗闇の中で理由のない恐怖におびえながら、ただ必死に泣き声をあげていた嬰児時代の、しんそこ切ない真実を忘れてしまってから、どれくらいの歳月が経ったというのであろうか。「お母さん、こわいよう」などという言葉を覚えて、その便利さになれはじめたときから、もう僕たちは急速に眠りこけ、さびついていったのかもしれない。僕にとっての俳句形式は、その昏睡から時おり、覚めるための気付け薬であった。」

"How much time has passed since we forgot the heartbreaking truth of our early days as infants, when we didn't yet know any of the so-called human words, when we simply cried desperately in the dark, terrified by reasonless fear? From the moment we learned phrases like, "Mommy, I'm scared," and began to become accustomed to their convenience, perhaps we rapidly fell asleep and grew rusty. For me, the haiku form was a tonic that would wake me up from that coma from time to time."

「『蕗子』の周辺」より：

From "Surroundings Around 'Fukiko'":

「率直に言えば、私にとって富沢赤黄男は既成俳句の終点であった。また、いっさいの既成俳句に訣れを告げようと決意する私にとって、その終点こそは新しい出発点となるべきところであった。そして、それが終点であり出発点であるために、まず私は富沢赤黄男について知り尽くさなければならなかった。しかし、たとえ富沢赤黄男について知り尽くしたとしても、その後、どうしたらよいのか、具体的には何のあてもなく、まったく見当もつかない状態であった。当然のことながら、あらかじめ考えられる方法などというものは、まさに皆無であった。その頃、俳壇でも、前衛とか可能性とかいう言葉で威勢のいい言挙げが行なわれることが多くなっていたが、そういう安易な風潮に組するつもりは毛頭なかった。俳句形式は、そういうような観念とは無縁な精神によって選ばれなければならないと、私は信じていたのである。したがって、そのときの私の行動の原理は、可能なかぎり徹底して既成の道を避けて通るということだけであった。それは、行きどまりばかりの迷路を一つ一つ丹念に進むのと同じであった。どこへ行っても、たいていは行きどまりの袋小路ばかりであった。それは実に根気のいる試行であり、辛抱づよさだけが有効な武器であった。先輩の俳人や同時代・同世代の俳人の誰とも似ていない存在になりたいと、そのことだけを私は執拗に思いつづけていたのである。
　当時の私は、富沢赤黄男を以て現代俳句は終焉し、いわゆる可能性の俳句も、そこで完了したと思っていた。それは創作としての俳句形式の死を意味するものであった。したがって、そのとき私が目指していたのは、いわば俳句そのものではなく、俳句の死を祀る儀式であったと思う。その昔、中学二年生の私が、わがことのごとく痛感した故事になぞらえて言うならば、それは南朝の没落以後、

なお吉野の山奥に立てこもった人々と似ていたようである。すなわち後南朝の心情そのものであった。」

"To put it bluntly, for me Tomizawa Kakio was the end point of established haiku. And for me, who had resolved to say goodbye to all established haiku, that end point should have been the new starting point. And because it was both an end point and a starting point, I first had to get to know Tomizawa Kakio thoroughly. But even if I had gotten to know Tomizawa Kakio thoroughly, I would have had no concrete direction or idea what to do next. Naturally, there were no methods that could be thought of in advance. At that time, even in the haiku world, there was a lot of bold talk using words like avant-garde and possibility, but I had no intention of going along with that easy-going trend. I believed that the haiku form should be chosen with a spirit that had nothing to do with such ideas. Therefore, my principle of action at that time was to All I could do was avoid the established path. It was like carefully working my way through a maze full of dead ends. Wherever I went, I usually found myself in dead ends. It was a truly painstaking experiment, and perseverance was the only effective weapon. I wanted to be unlike any other haiku poet, not like my predecessors or those of my time or generation.
At the time, I thought that modern haiku had ended with Tomizawa Kakio, and that the so-called haiku of possibility had also reached its conclusion. This marked the death of the haiku form as a creative work. Therefore, I think that what I was aiming for at the time was not haiku itself, but a ritual to commemorate the death of haiku. If I were to liken it to a historical story that I felt keenly as if it were my own, as a second-year junior high school student, it seemed to be similar to the people who remained holed up in the mountains of Yoshino after the fall of the Southern Court. In other words, it was the very sentiment of the Later Southern Court.

「偽前衛派について」より:
From "On the Pseudo-Avant-Garde":

「つい一週間ほど前、僕の近隣に住み、長く気狂い扱いをされていた男が死んだ。この男は軍隊を怖れること並々でなく、街道に軍隊の行進が見られた時など、家を戸閉にして中から釘を打って震えていたと聴いたが、彼の死後、その書斎を見て僕は一驚した。書斎には蔵書を収めた大きな木箱が十一個、本棚はもちろん箪笥の中から押入、戸棚に到るまでぎっしりと本がつまっていて、おそらく三千冊は下らなかったろう。見ると、哲学書、妖怪研究書、冒険探険の書、好色本、草花栽培・淡水魚養殖研究、少年漫画の類に大別された。彼は畑に堀をめぐらして金魚を飼い、畑の中に三層の櫓を組み、その上に温室をしつらえて花を栽培し、遂に孤立したまま誰とも会うことを好まず、そのまま一人で死んでしまったわけだが、僕には果して彼がまことの狂人であったかどうか、急に疑問に思われてきた。僕の想像では、或いは、軍隊に召集されることを忌避した必死きわまりない佯狂ではなかったかと思われるのだが、もしそうであったとすると、彼は、その必死の抵抗を貫いた後、その代価を二十余年の孤絶した、すなわち想像力だけの生活で支払ったことになる。彼の自治領に立ちながら何か鬼気せまる思いで、僕は強く感動した。おそらく断乎たる行動には、その後更に断乎たる行動が要求されるのであろう。そして、人類の前進というものが、もしあったとしたら、先ず、こうした断乎たる行動の存在を必要としたにちがいないと思う。そして、まことの前衛とは、そうしたものであろう。」

"Just a week ago, a man who lived in my neighborhood and had long been treated as a madman passed away. I heard that this man had no special fear of the military, and that when he saw a military parade down the road, he would lock the doors of his house in place, nail them down from the inside, and tremble in fear. However, after his death, I was shocked when I saw his study. There were eleven large wooden boxes containing his books, and the bookshelves, as well as the chests, closets, and cupboards were all packed with books, numbering no less than three thousand. The books were broadly divided into philosophy books, books on monsters, adventure books, erotic books, research on floriculture and freshwater fish farming, and comics for boys. He built a moat in his fields to raise goldfish, built a three-story tower in the fields and built a greenhouse on top of it to grow flowers, and eventually became isolated and did not like to meet anyone, so he lived alone He died, but I suddenly began to wonder whether he was really a madman. I imagined that he was perhaps a desperate idiot who had avoided being drafted into the army, but if that was the case, then after his desperate resistance he paid the price with more than twenty years of solitude, that is, a life of imagination alone. Standing in his dominion, I felt something terrifying and was deeply moved. Perhaps determined action demands even more determined action afterwards. And if there was to be any progress for humanity, I believe it would first require the existence of such determined action. And that is what the true avant-garde is like."
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『俳句の海で』

"On the Sea of Haiku"

「俳句研究」編集後記集　'68.4～'83.8
Collection of editorial notes from "Haiku Research" from April 1968 to August 1983

「昭和四十八年　二月号」より:
From the "February 1973 issue":

「尾崎放哉のように、彼みずからの証しとして彼の俳句があったのか、それとも、彼の俳句の証しとして彼みずからの日常があったのか、簡単には言うことのできない状況を、彼みずからが選びとってし

まったような俳人の存在も、最近では、ほとんど影をひそめた感じである。最近の俳壇が、魂の時間と如何に無縁となってしまったのかが、改めて痛感される。」

"Like Ozaki Hozai, the haiku poet who chose his own circumstances, which are difficult to describe - whether his haiku were a testament to himself, or his own daily life was a testament to his haiku - these days it seems as though the existence of such poets has almost disappeared into the shadows. It is a renewed realization of just how far removed the haiku world has become in recent times."

「昭和四十八年　九月号」より:
From the September 1973 issue:

「戦争や病気などによって、それぞれの生死の問題を深刻に考えつづけなければならなかった青年たちは、たとえ未熟なところが多かったにせよ、それなりに魂を病んでいたのであって、この自発的な憂悶や懐疑を、どれか一つの党派のごときものに、やすやすと売り渡すことは出来なかったのである。そして、これこそ、忘れてはならない初心ではなかろうか。」

"These young people, who had to continually and seriously consider the question of life and death due to war and disease, may have been immature in many ways, but they were also emotionally troubled in their own way, and they could not easily sell off their spontaneous anguish and doubts to any one political party. Isn't this the original intention we should never forget?"

「昭和四十八年　十一月号」より:
From the November issue of Showa 48:

「言わずもがなのことながら、いちばん大切なのは、読者の一人一人が、みずから読み、みずから感じ、みずから洞察するという基本的な姿勢の確立であろう。しかし、俳壇の現況は、かならずしもそうではない。みずから感じ、みずから考えることを初めから放棄して、誰かが感じ、誰かが考えたとおりに、いつも自分自身を馴らそうとする風潮が、いまは非常に目立っている。したがって、いま目にすることの出来る大半の俳句は、常に誰かの何かを忠実になぞるかたちで書かれているように見える。だが、もしも、そのように自分自身を馴らしてゆくことによって、容易に順応できるならば、格別に努めて俳句など書く必要はないのではなかろうか。きわめて率直に言えば、まことの俳人となるためには、俳句形式に対しても容易に順応してはいけないのである。」

"Needless to say, the most important thing is for each reader to establish the basic attitude of reading for himself, feeling for himself, and insight for himself. However, this is not necessarily the case in the haiku world today. There is a very noticeable trend today of abandoning the idea of feeling and thinking for oneself from the start, and instead trying to conform to what someone else has felt and thought. As a result, the majority of haiku that can be seen today seem to be written in a way that always faithfully follows something written by someone else. But if one could easily adapt by conforming oneself in this way, then surely there is no need to make such

a special effort to write haiku? To put it quite frankly, to become a true haiku poet, one must not easily conform to the haiku form either."

「昭和五十一年二月号」より:
From the February 1976 issue:

「この俳壇から青年たちの姿が消えてしまったのは、いったい、いつの頃からであろうか。いまは、どこのどのような俳人の集まりに出席しても、そこに青年たちの姿を見ることは皆無に近い。(中略)しかし、見渡したところ、俳壇の大多数の人たちは、この異常なはずの事態に直面しながらも、なぜか、ほとんど動ずる色を見せない。もちろん、それぞれの結社には、それぞれ年少の俳人たちが存在していることも確かであり、あるいは、そのために、いまもって格別な感想など生まれて来ないという事情もあろう。だが、その一握りの年少の俳人たちは、はたして本当に青年なのであろうか。
　もしその一握りの年少の俳人たちを、そのまま素直に青年として受け取るなら、これらの青年たちは、いつの頃から、これほど権威らしきものに従順になってしまったのであろうかと、少なからずいぶかしく思わざるを得ないのである。更に言えば、これらの年少の俳人たちが現在の俳壇で受けている処遇は、要するに、未熟きわまるミソッカス扱いと少しも変わるところはないが、また、一方では、それを当然のごとく甘受し、つとめて行儀よく謙虚に振舞うことを競い合うかのように見えるのも、やはり不思議な眺めである。そして、それに易々と甘んじてしまうことが、いつまで経っても無気力な未熟さのままでいる最大の原因と言うべきであろう。
　思うに、青年とは、ただ単に年少の者を指すのではなく、みずからの明日に大きく期待する者か、あるいは絶えず絶望する者でなければなるまい。当然、それは、誇り高き者でもある。それは、誰かの追随者、代弁者であることに甘んじる者ではなく、みずからを強く主張しようとする者でなければならない。それは、いつも休むことなく問いつづける者であり、自他いずれに対しても批評の矢を放ちつづける者であろう。」

"When exactly did young people disappear from the haiku world? Nowadays, no matter where you attend a gathering of haiku poets, you almost never see young people there.... However, looking around, the majority of people in the haiku world, even in the face of this situation that should be abnormal, for some reason show almost no sign of being shaken. Of course, it is true that there are young haiku poets in each association, and perhaps this is why no special feelings have arisen from them to this day. But are those handful of young haiku poets really young? If we are to accept those handful of young haiku poets as they are, then one cannot help but wonder, at least a little, about when these young people became so obedient to something resembling authority. Furthermore, In other words, the treatment these young haiku poets receive in the current haiku world is, in essence, not the least bit different from that of extremely immature misogynists, but on the other hand, it is strange to see them accepting this as a matter of course and competing with each other to behave well and humbly. And it can be said that this easy acceptance is the greatest reason why they remain lethargic and immature no matter how much time passes.
I believe that youth does not simply refer to young people, but must be people who have high expectations for their future, or people who are constantly in despair. Naturally, this means that they are also people who are proud. This means that they are not people who are content to be someone's follower or spokesperson, but people who try to assert themselves strongly. This

means that they are people who are constantly asking questions without rest, and who continue to fire arrows of criticism at both themselves and others."
-

バベルの塔

The Tower of Babel

「あとがき」より:

「敗戦直後の混乱の中で、僕が初期の評論を盛んに書いていた頃から、すでに二十数年の歳月が過ぎていった。この間、さまざまに変化する俳壇の状況に応じて、そのつど、書き捨て同様にしてきた文章も、おのずから相当の分量になったようである。
　たまたま、この一冊に纏めるにあたり、いまは遠い過去になってしまった時代をふくめて、そのときどきの俳壇の状況と、それに鋭敏に反応した僕自身の心の動きが、いくつかの文章によって相互に補足しあうかたちで、多少なりとも鮮明に復原されることを期待したため、その選択が、ある限られた三つの時期に集中する結果となった。
　しかし、これが僕の一部であり、且つは全部でもあることは、充分に確かであろう。なぜなら、二十歳を幾つも出なかった頃から現在まで、僕自身、どれほども変わってはいないと思われるからである。」

"Twenty-plus years have passed since I was actively writing my early critical essays amid the chaos immediately following the defeat in the war. During this time, in response to the various changes in the situation of the haiku world, I have written and discarded writings, and it seems that the volume of writings has naturally grown to a considerable amount.

In compiling this volume, I happened to hope that the situation of the haiku world at the time, including a period that is now a distant past, and my own emotional reactions to it would be restored to some degree of clarity in the form of several writings that complement each other, and so my selection ended up concentrating on three limited periods.

However, I am quite certain that this is both a part and a whole of me. This is because I believe that I myself have not changed very much from when I was barely out of my twenties until the present day."

「続偽前衛派」より:
From "Continued Pseudo-Avant-Garde":

「一人の少年が、黄昏の木の肌にぴったりと添って、切実な眸をじっとこらしていた。彼は、もはや、泣き出しそうになっていた。よく見ると、その今にも涙が落ちそうな眸は、しきりと蟻を追っているのであった。彼は、もうしばらく前に、何の気なしに此の半ば朽ちかかった木を匍っていた一匹の蟻を殺したのである。それは全く、何気ない発作的な行為であった。しかし、蟻は他愛なく死んでしまった。それが深く彼を不安にしたのである。彼は悲しみにふるえた。
　だが、此処までは、イタリアのある高名な将軍の少年時代と同じである。伝記によれば、その将軍は、こんな時、たださめざめと泣いただけである。
　しかし、その少年は別の不安に捉われた。何だか、ひどい不公平が、此の束の間のときに、しかも、自分のかよわい指先によって行なわれたような気がしたのである。この朽ちかけた木の肌を上下している蟻は、この不幸な蟻一匹に限らないのに、この不幸な蟻と他の蟻に対して、別段に彼の殆んど無関心な愛憎に軽重はなかったのに、何故、この蟻だけを殺してしまったのであろうか。何故、この蟻だけが死ななければならないのであろうか。そこで、少年は考えた。彼は自分の犯した不公平を精算しようと心にきめた。この木を上下する一切の蟻に、公平な死を与えることによって、彼は最初の不幸な蟻の突然の不幸を拭い去ってやろうと思ったのである。そして、一匹ずつ、丹念に、彼は蟻を殺して行った。彼の指先が触れると、蟻はすぐ死んで行った。そして、いまは、もうかなりの時が経っていた。彼の指先もさすがに疲労していた。けれど、たとえ一匹たりとも、この公平な死の指先から逃がれ得た蟻があったなら、此処に無数に死んでいる蟻が、あまりにも可哀そうに思われた。彼の切実な悲しみは、此処から生まれ、彼をはげしく責めた。
——と、その昔、僕はあてもない序章を書き出した。書き出してから、さて誰の伝記にしようかと考えた。」

"A boy was lying against the bark of a tree at dusk, his eyes fixed with deep emotion. He looked as if he was about to burst into tears. Looking closely, he saw that his eyes, which looked as if they were about to burst into tears at any moment, were intently chasing an ant. Some time ago,

without any thought, he had killed an ant that was crawling on the half-rotten tree. It had been a completely casual, impulsive act. But the ant had died without a trace. This made him deeply uneasy. He trembled with grief.

Up to this point, however, this was no different from the childhood of a famous Italian general. According to his biography, at times like this, the general would simply burst into tears.

But the boy was seized by a different anxiety. He felt as if a terrible injustice had been perpetrated in this fleeting moment, and by his own weak fingertips. The ants crawling up and down the bark of this rotting tree were not the only one, but the ant and the others were also intertwined. His almost indifferent love and hate for the ant in question was of no importance, so why did he kill only this one? Why did only this one ant have to die? The boy thought. He resolved to settle the injustice he had committed. By granting a fair death to all the ants up and down the tree, he wanted to wipe away the sudden misfortune of the first unfortunate ant. And so, one by one, he carefully killed the ants. His When he touched the ant with his fingertips, it died immediately. Now, quite a bit of time had passed. His fingertips were tired as expected. But if even one ant had managed to escape the impartial fingertips of death, he felt so sorry for the countless dead ants lying here. This was where his heartfelt sadness was born, and it severely criticized him. --So once upon a time, I began writing this aimless prologue. After I started writing, I wondered whose biography I should write about."

-

「前略十年」

"Ten Years Later"

滑空機枯葦薙いで降りにけり

The glider descended, cutting through the dry reeds.

/The glider descended through the dead reeds.

凩や我が掌のうらおもて

A cold wind blows over the surface of my palm.

/The sun and the back and palm of my hand

日本の夜霧の中の懐手

Hands in pockets in the Japanese night fog

/A pocket in the Japanese night fog

きみ嫁けり遠き一つの訃に似たり

You got married. It's like a long-ago death.

/You have married, resembling a distant funeral.

「蕗子」

Butterbur Child

身をそらす虹の
絶巓
処刑台
The averted rainbow, its body’s zenith the execution platform
§
§
§
見つめられ
寒がりながら
出てくる満月
The full moon comes out while being stared at and feeling cold

/Stared at
Shivering
The full moon that appears

§

やがて縊死する

そんな予感の

苗木を植ゑる

Eventually, I will hang myself.

That kind of premonition

Planting saplings

/I plant a sapling with the premonition that I will soon hang myself

「伯爵領」

Earldom

吹き沈む

野分けの

谷の

耳さとき蛇

Blowing and sinking

Dividing the fields

of the valley

The keen-eared serpent

/A snake with sharp ears in the valley of the wind-swept plain

§

遂に

谷間に

見出だされたる

桃色花火

Finally

In the valley

Discovered

Pink fireworks

/Pink fireworks finally found in the valley

§

山脈の

襞に

聴

き

澄

み

埋も

れ

る

耳

ら

Mountain range

In the folds

Listen

Clear

Buried

buried

Ear

/The ears that are buried in the folds of the mountain range

/My ears are buried in the folds of the mountains

§

海へ

夜へ

河がほろびる

河口のピストル

To the sea

To the night

The river is perishing.

The pistol at the river mouth

「黒彌撒」[罪囚植民地]

“Black Mass” [Convict Colony”]

電柱の

　キの字の

　平野

　灯ともし頃

When the electric pole's K-shaped light turns on

　§

　軍鼓鳴り

　荒涼と

　秋の

　痣となる

The military drums sound

Desolate

Autumn

Becomes a bruise

/The drums of war are beating and the desolate autumn leaves are bruising.

§

日が

落ちて

山脈といふ

言葉かな

The sun

Falling

Mountain range

Is it a word?

/The sun sets, and is it called a mountain range?

/The sun goes down and there are mountains.

§

くるしくて

みな愛す

この

河口の海色

It's painful.

Everyone loves

This

The color of the river mouth

§

しづかに

しづかに

耳朶色の

怒りの花よ

Quietly

Quietly

Color of the earlobe

Flower of anger

/Quietly, quietly, earlobe-coloured flower of anger

§

杭のごとく

墓

たちならび

打ちこまれ

Like stakes, they are driven into the graves

/Like stakes, the graves are lined up and driven in.

「高柳重信全句集」「蒙塵」

Mongin “Covered in Dust”

花火

はなやぎ

着飾り終へし

喪服の時間

The fireworks have finished their dazzling display, and now time to don the mourning attire.

§

いまは遠き

火の見の

鐘が

いま打たれ

Now it is distant

The fire lookout

The bell

Now struck

/Now the distant fire bell is being struck

§

この河

おそろし

あまりやさしく

流れゆき

This river

Terrifying

Too gentle

Flowing along

§

たてがみを刈り

たてがみを刈る

愛撫の晩年

Cutting the mane

Cutting the mane

The twilight of caresses

§

こころ

急かれて

身は斜め

海の足軽

Heart

Hastened

Body askew

Foot soldier of the sea

/My heart is in a hurry and my body is tilted, a foot soldier of the sea

「高柳重信全句集」「遠耳父母」

“Distant-Hearing Parents”

見殺しや

じつに静かに

百鳴る銅鑼

Abandonment

Very quietly

The resounding gong

/Let them die

Quietly

A hundred gongs ring out

§

兄は

身代り

百年前から

濡葉の下

My brother

Substitute

A hundred years ago

Under the wet leaves

§

耳の五月よ

嗚乎

嗚乎と

耳鐘は鳴り

（ここより「父の沖」）

沖に

父あり

日に一度

沖に日は落ち

Oh, the May of the ears

ring

ring and

The ear bells ring.

(From here, "Father's Sea")

Offshore

Father is present.

Once a day

The sun sets over the sea.

/May the bells of the ear ring, ring, ring, and the ear chimes sound (here "in the sea") where my father is, and once a day the sun sets in the sea.

/My ears are ringing in the moonlight. My father is offshore. The sun sets once a day.

§

沖の父

誰も見知らず

在りとのみ

Oki's father

No one knows.

Only being

/Oki's father, unknown to anyone, is just there

§

父もどく

海彦や

長鳴くは

母の鶏鳴

Father, the sea god,

Long-calling

Mother's crowing of the hen

§

地下に

海あり

月もなき

父の通ひ路

Underground

There is a sea.

Without the moon

Father's path

§

父は

近きか

大き汐干に

華やぐ母

Father

Is it near?

At the great low tide

A mother blooming

/Is my father close? My mother is shining brightly in the great tide and dry season.

§

凧あげや

沖の沖より

父の声

Flying kites

From the deep sea

Father's voice

/Flying kites, from the deep sea, my father's voice

§

父よ

沖よと

島の高樫

のぼりゆく

Father

To the open sea

Island's tall cedar

climbing up

/Father, the high oaks of the island are climbing

§

海辺の芒

誰か

名づけて

父招ぎ

Beachside reeds

Someone

Name it

Father's Invitation

/Someone, please name the seaside awns, and invite my father

§

海の中道

沖へ駈けゆく

父隠し

Running towards the sea off the coast of Munakata, hiding from my father

/Down the road in the sea, running out to sea, hiding my father

§

凪ぎて

鳥舞ふ

海彦に

沖の墓あり

Calm and still

Birds dance

in the sea

There is a grave in the open sea.

/Calm sea

The sea god,

where birds dance

There is a grave in the open sea.

/The sea is calm and birds are dancing. There is a grave in the ocean.

§

母は

島籠め

死に忘れして

狂ひもせず

Mother an

Island confinement

Forget about death

Without going mad

/My mother is an island dweller, forgotten in death, and not going mad

§

海は

見晴らし

足下の海は

父の墓　※（「父の墓」に「みおろすな」とルビ）

The sea

View

The sea at my feet

Father's grave ※(with rubies reading "don't look down on 'Father's grave'")

/The sea is a great view. The sea beneath my feet is my father's grave.

§

沖を行き

父を旅ゆく

二十歳

（ここまで「父の沖」）

Going out to sea

Traveling with my father

Twenty years old

(Up to this point, "Father's sea")

Off the coast, traveling with my father, twenty years old (this is the end of "my father's coast")

§

春夏秋冬

母は

睡むたし

睡れば死なむ

Spring, summer, autumn, winter

Mother

I want to sleep.

If I sleep, I will die.

「山海集」（総ルビ）

"Sankaishu" (All Rubies)

→ 飛騨と倭国はこちらのpdfでどうぞ

飛騨

Hida

飛騨の

山門の

考へ杉の

みことかな

Hida's

The gate of the mountain

Thoughts of the cedar

Is it a divine decree?

/The mountain gate of Hida is a sacred place of cedar trees.

§

葦原ノ中國

琴抱いて

無名の

神が

漂着せり

The Land of Reed Plains

Holding a koto

Unnamed

God

Washed ashore

§

七浦を

六浦

あそびて

海の鰐

Seven bays of the six bays, playing with the crocodiles of the sea

§

倭国

Wakoku

舞ふ鳶と

海の

國見や

十年老ゆ

The dancing hawks

of the sea

Kuni-mi ya

Ten years pass.

/A dancing kite and the sea, a country of views, I've aged ten years.

§

魏は

はるかにて

持衰を殺す

旅いくつ

Wei is

Far away travelling

Killing the decline

How many journeys?

/Wei is a long way away, and there are many journeys to kill Zhizhai.

§

日本軍歌集

Japanese Military Songs Collection

目醒め

がちなる

わが盡忠は

俳句かな

Awakening

becoming more and more

My loyalty

Is it a haiku?

/I tend to wake up, and my devotion is a haiku.

「日本海軍」（総ルビ）

Japanese Navy (All Rubies)

松島を

逃げる

重たい

鸚鵡かな

Matsushima

Escape

Heavy

Is it a parrot?

§

一に

生駒

二無し三無し

四は拾遺

First

Ikoma

No two, no three

Four is a postscript.

/First, Ikoma. Second, none. Third, none. Fourth, a postscript.

§

如何如何と

伊吹は

雪の

問ひ殺し

How, how, and so on

Ibuki

Snow

Questioning to death

/"What do you think?" Ibuki asked, killing Yuki.

§

夜をこめて

哭く

言霊の

金剛よ

Into the night

Cry

The spirit of words

Kongō, oh

/O spirit of the night, weeping with the words of the gods

§

雪しげき

言葉の

富士も

晩年なり

Snowy

Words

Fuji too

In his later years

/Snow-covered, words of Fuji, too, are in their later years.

「日本海軍・補遺」（総ルビ）

Japanese Navy Supplement (All Rubies)

秋風

世阿弥

蓑虫・詩学

草木染

Autumn Wind

Zeami

Caterpillar・Poetics

Plant dyeing

§

春風

是是非非

雲雀・流悌

い音便

Spring breeze, the lark of right and wrong, flowing with gentle sounds.

「山川蝉夫句集」

"Yamakawa Semio Haiku Collection"

水過ぎゆくここにかしこに我立つに

As the water flows past, here and there, I stand.

友よ我は片腕すでに鬼となりぬ

My friend, I am already a one-armed demon

おーいおーい命惜しめといふ山彦

Hey, hey, the echo says to cherish your life.

山川蝉夫句集 補遺

Addendum to Yamakawa Semio's Haiku Collection

タソガレドリは言葉の鳥か我も言葉

Is the Tasogaredori a bird of words, or am I also a bird of words?

此の世に開く棺の小窓といふものよ

The small window of the coffin that opens into this world

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